

The MAN NOBODY KNEW OF HOLWORTHY HALL.



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—In a base hospital at Neuilly, France, his face disfigured beyond recognition, an American soldier serving in the French army attracts attention by his deep despondency. Asked by the surgeons for a photograph to guide them in making over his face, he offers in derision a picture of the Savior, bidding them take that as a model. They do so, making a remarkable likeness.

CHAPTER II.—Invalided home, on the boat he meets Martin Harmon, New York broker, who is attracted by his remarkable features. The ex-soldier gives him the name as "Henry Hilliard," and his home as Syracuse, New York. He left there under a cloud, and is embittered against his former fellow townsmen. Harmon makes him a proposition to sell mining stocks in Syracuse, concealing his identity. He accepts it, seeing in it a chance to make good and prove he has been underestimated.

CHAPTER III.—In Syracuse "Hilliard" (the reality Richard Morgan) is accepted as a stranger. He visits James Cullen, a former employer, relating a story of the death of Richard Morgan, and is surprised at the regret shown by Cullen and his youthful daughter Angela. While at the Cullen home Carol Durant, Morgan's former fiancée, makes a call.

CHAPTER IV.—Hilliard repeats to Carol his story of Morgan's death and he deeply moved by the evidence of her deep feeling for the supposed dead man. He resolves, however, to continue the deception.

CHAPTER V.—Next day Hilliard gathers from Angela that Carol had always loved Dick Morgan, and while delivering to her a letter supposedly from her former fiancée realizes that his affection is unchanged. His welcome by Doctor Durant, Carol's father, also shakes his resolution to continue the deception, but he conquers it.

CHAPTER VI.—In Syracuse Hilliard is looked upon as a capitalist and mining expert, and in that capacity, in pursuance of his object, interests Cullen in the possibility of wealth in mining properties. The Cullens and Hilliard go to the Durant home for dinner.

CHAPTER VII.—Observations at the Durants convince Hilliard that the doctor and his daughter had always been his true friends, and his love for Carol becomes stronger. He realizes he has a dangerous rival in Jack Armstrong, also very much in love with Carol, and the two men tacitly agree to fight it out fairly.

CHAPTER VIII.—Despite his success in interesting capitalists of Syracuse in his mining venture (which he believes to be a sound proposition) Hilliard regrets having placed himself in such a false position, but in justice to Harmon feels he must go on. He makes confession to Carol of his love for her, and she admits the possibility of his affection being returned in time.

Harmon laughed noisily. "Oh, that shaft! Don't you think it's a little early to begin on that? Say, about ninety thousand dollars too early!"

As Hilliard sat gazing at him in profound bewilderment a waiter slid up alongside him and coughed for his attention.

"Gentlemen wants to speak to you outside, Mr. Hilliard. In the lobby. Says it's important."

"Oh!" Hilliard drew the back of his hand across his forehead. "Tell him I'll come right out. Will you excuse me a moment, Mr. Harmon?"

"Sure! Go ahead." The promoter sat back comfortably and gave him a wave of dismissal. Hilliard, his pupils narrowing, went out to the doorway. A pace or two distant one of the vice presidents of the Trust and Deposit company—a friend of Cullen's and a very good man to know—was loitering restively.

"Hello, Hilliard," he said, wrinkling his forehead. "How are you? Look here, it's none of my business, of course, but I couldn't help wondering how much you know about that chap you're sitting with. Don't be offended; it's a friendly question. Simply my interest in you as one of our clients."

"Why, I know a good deal about him."

The banker continued solemnly: "You probably know a lot more about him than I do, then, but just the same, I wanted to make sure. That's all." He turned, but Hilliard stopped him.

"Well, what do you know about him?"

"Before I answer that—is he a friend of yours? The question was too blunt to be diplomatic, and too suggestive to be disregarded."

"Not exactly that; he's a rather good acquaintance, though. In a business way only—what he is socially I don't know, and I don't think I much care."

"So you don't need any advice about his business connections?"

"Why, I think not." He was nettled by the banker's manner.

"The only thing about it," said the vice president, nettled in his turn by Hilliard's brevity, "is that if you'd said you didn't know him very well, I'd have offered you some suggestions. I'd have expected you to thank me—I really would. Under the circumstances, I can't very well go any fur-



"But Wait a Minute!"

ther than this. Sorry I interrupted you."

"No, but wait a minute! I—" The vice president's refusal was firm and definite.

"I can't say another word. Not another one. If you know him, that's sufficient." And he strode away across the lobby, leaving Hilliard dumfounded.

Mr. Harmon, smiling broadly, half arose from his chair as the man who came slowly back to the table and sat down hard.

"Well," he said. "More business?" Hilliard shook his head.

"On the contrary," his voice had in it a curious dullness which the broker was quick to catch.

"No bad news, I hope?"

"I'm not sure. Let's go on discussing the mine."

"Not much else to discuss, is there? It's the same old mine." He looked intently at Hilliard. "What's got into you, anyway, in the last couple of minutes? You've lost all your pep. You look as though you've seen a ghost."

"Maybe I have," said Hilliard, with a short laugh.

"Well?"

Hilliard regarded him with an odd intermingling of respect and alarm. The respect was a holdover from the past—from the early impression he had formed from Harmon's resplendent offices in New York, and Harmon's contentment for money. He had considered his employer, at worst, a weak-principled vendor of legitimate securities.

"Mr. Harmon," Hilliard said reluctantly. "I'm in a mighty awkward position. . . . We can't afford to let anything spoil this campaign, can we?"

"Not if we can very well help it. What's bothering you?"

"For over ten weeks now, I've been building up a reputation—you know what I've been doing; you know how much depends on it. Your name hasn't been mentioned once; I've been selling this thing on my own personality—holding myself out as the principal. Well, the man who called me outside just now—and he's one of the solid banking crowd up here—he spoke of you as though he knew you. In fact, he to perfectly frank—he called me out there to ask me about you. Now, I don't know what dealings you've ever had with him, or with anyone else up here, but it struck me that if there is anything between you and Syracuse, or any of its fairly big men, perhaps it would be better if I knew it. You see, this thing I'm selling is so darned personal—"

"Who was he?" Harmon's voice rasped.

"Embree—of the Trust and Deposit company."

"Oh, yes," Harmon smoked reflectively. "Yes, we know each other. What did he have to say?"

"It wasn't so much what he said as the way he said it. I suppose you've had some disagreement with these people?"

"Some disagreement," admitted Harmon, grinning. "These up-state farmers and I love each other like a couple of strange bullfrogs. Still—"

"If it isn't objectionable to you," said Hilliard, hesitating. "I'd rather like to know a bit about it, Mr. Harmon. The subject might come up later. It's almost sure to, now that Embree's seen you and spoken to me about you. And if you've had any quarrel with this crowd, even if it wasn't your fault, and if it came out that I'm working for you, and there was any talk about it, you can see how I'd have to be on the defensive."

"So if you could just give me a faint idea—"

"Plain English is a lot better than a faint idea," said Harmon carelessly. "I floated some steel bonds up here once. Prettiest bonds you ever saw in your life, too."

"Oh! And they didn't turn out well?"

"Not exactly. The company was too much like Silverbow, I guess—all float and no lode."

For a moment, Hilliard thought that he hadn't heard aright.

"What was that you said?" he managed.

Harmon reiterated it. "Too much Silverbow. Only they pumped the water out of it sooner than we will. That was five years ago."

At first, Hilliard was untouched by the shock; the force of it seemed to pass over him entirely; then all at once, as he was caught by the drift of it, his hands began to tremble violently; and his palms were clammy with sweat. His stomach seemed to drop out of him, and he was nauseated by the tremendous purport of his employer's cynicism.

"Mr. Harmon!" he panted, under his breath. "Mr. Harmon!"

The New Yorker looked at him in genuine surprise.

"What's the matter, Hilliard? You look sick! Or . . . d—n it, man, if that's another one of your bluffs, you're wasting your time. You haven't worked up such a holy disposition you believe in this mine, have you? He moved uneasily. "I wish you'd wipe that pious expression off your face—or is it glued on?"

"Hilliard's voice shook uncontrollably."

"This . . . this mine!" he stammered. "You told me—"

"I'll stand by everything I've ever told you, Hilliard. I'll prove it. It's an area of mineralized schist with disseminated copper values. And we've got over a hundred acres of it. And part of the shaft, too!" He laughed noiselessly. "Of course, altogether there's about five hundred square miles of that same sort of land in the same state, but what's the odds as long as you're happy? Tell me you aren't wise? Rot! Why, you know all about it when we were on the boat!"

Hilliard's muscles were working in hysterical jumps, and his face was distorted.

"You . . . y—you're saying . . . y—you're saying I've been selling . . . s-selling to my friends a piece of d—n worthless property? Are you?"

"Shut up!" The big man was dominant, ugly. "Understand me? You keep your mouth shut if you know what's good for you! Didn't you come up here to get square with your 'friends'? Your friends!" His accent was superlatively contemptuous. "You knew it wasn't a producing mine, didn't you?"

"You told me it was a wonderful prospect! I knew it was a long shot, but I thought there was some value there . . . a lot of it . . . and you said the shaft . . . you always said the shaft was—"

Harmon reached for another cigarette; there was undisguised perplexity on his face. "Son, if you aren't a mighty good actor, you're . . . are you going to claim you didn't know what this mine is? After all that whining and squealing of yours about your getting even? Then what in thunder did you want to come back here for?"

"To make some money—to get some fun out of it. I wanted to make fools of people; I didn't want to swindle anybody! I thought I was giving 'em something for their money! I—"

Harmon lit his cigarette, none too complacently.

"The funny part about it," he said slowly, "is that I don't honestly believe you're bluffing. . . . But you knew it was only a prospect."

"But I thought it was a good prospect! Never mind—!" He made as though to rise. "You've said enough. I'm through with you!"

The big man's jaw thrust out beligerently, and he caught Hilliard by the arm.

"Now, stop right there! Sit down! Sit down! Maybe you thought it was a good prospect and maybe you didn't, but you're not through with me yet—not until I say so. Don't you make any mistakes like that, my boy. Don't you go off half-shot—not yet! Remember our contract? Ever heard of promoter's liability? I'd certainly hate to see you get into trouble, but if you've made any wild statements about material facts—"

Hilliard was straining half across the table.

"You told me the ore was there! And I thought the worst that could happen would be to tie up this money for a few years—that's why a prospect's so hard to sell! I knew darned well it wasn't any whirlwind right now, but I did think they'd . . . they'd at least make something good out of it . . . eventually . . . even if it . . ."

"Ah!" said Harmon, sneering, "but you had every opportunity to learn the facts—every opportunity. It's not my fault if you went off half-cocked. I don't know what you're represented to; your gang up here. I'm not responsible. All I know is that you've collected sixty-two thousand dollars, and turned it over to me, and I'm to give you stock for it, and pay you a rebate in cash. Maybe you call it a commission . . . it's a rebate! Read the contract. Read it carefully, while you're about it. Take it to a lawyer; I don't care. Any lawyer you like. If you've gone beyond the facts I'm mighty sorry for you, but I don't see

how it affects me any. Do you?"

Hilliard had slumped wretchedly into his chair; his thoughts were running sinuously about the grim axis of his chicanery.

"And . . . and after all I've done!" he said thickly. "After all I've said! Oh, my God!" His chin sank low, and his grip on the table relaxed.

Harmon was less at ease than he pretended. "Well, if you aren't bluffing," he said presently, "you sure are the biggest baby for a man's-sized man I ever saw. Brace up, there! You—"

Hilliard pulled himself erect with a



And His Fist Gestured His Accusation.

final effort, and his fist gestured his accusation.

"You know what I'm going to do about it, don't you?"

"Yes," Harmon nodded, as he drew the smoke deep into his lungs.

"I'm going straight back to those four men, and—"

"No," Harmon wagged his head. "No, you can't very well do that, either—even if you're as shocked as you look. Look at it just a minute . . . look at our contract. There's some loopholes for me you could drive a motortruck through; but you haven't got one as big as a knitting needle. No, son, the best thing for you to do is to take a brace, and go get another sixty thousand while the getting is good."

"Not necessarily!" Hilliard's high-pitched laugh was brittle.

Harmon allowed the smoke to eddy gently from his nostrils. "Yes—necessarily."

"You think I'll raise my finger after this, except to . . . what do you take me for?"

"I take you," said Harmon deliberately, "for a short-sighted young man in a mighty bad spot. You don't want these folks up here to know the whole truth, do you? It wouldn't hurt me any—but after the record you made here before you got yourself kicked out two years ago. . . . Oh! don't jump! You don't think I've been asleep, do you? . . . I don't believe you'd get much sympathy. Not much! And I've invested a lot of money in you. . . . I want some big returns. Look me in the eye, son. I want you to calm down. Now, there's only three parties to this deal—you and me and the world. You and me—and I have got to play straight with each other. You help me get the money, and I'll help you get whatever you want. But when you throw me down, I throw you down, and we'll see who comes out ahead. I'll bet I do. What do you bet?"

Hilliard shook his head helplessly.

"You've got to remember," said Harmon in sardonic consolation, "that you're an awful easy man to describe. You can slip out of Syracuse just as easy as you please, and try your damndest to make a getaway, and you'd have pretty hard work to keep away from the Pinkertons for twenty-four hours. And I've got the evidence that would put 'em after you. So don't you plan to run away, son—don't do it."

Hilliard's judgment was tottering. Where did he stand in relation to Armstrong now?

"Well?"

Harmon snatched at the sign of weakness, and was instantly persuasive. "Stay on another six weeks; make the rest of your killing. After this is over, do what you please. You'll have money enough to suit yourself. I'm playing straight with you . . . am I not?"

"Yes," said Hilliard, with withering sarcasm. "You are!"

Harmon glowered at him.

"Don't you accuse me of double-crossing you, son! It's the other way round."

"You aren't fool enough to expect me," said Hilliard shakily, "to keep on trying to sell more of this rotten stuff! You aren't enough of a fool for that—"

"I can, and I do. You're in for it now, Hilliard, and you can't very well go back. You've collected money; you can't get your hands on it again; you can't make any restitution. You've lied your head off already; you can't do any better now than to stick to your first story, because the truth's a good deal worse. You'd better make your killing and make it quick. And if you open your head for just one little peep . . . floozy, floozy, and the fat's in the fire. Well . . ."

(To be Continued)

GAIN MORE LAND TO MEET DEMAND

FEDERAL RECLAMATION SERVICE
CONSIDERS POPULATION
INCREASE.

105,000,000 PEOPLE IN U. S.

Fourteen Million Inhabitants Added in Past Ten Years—All U. S. Laws in One New Volume—Investigation of Hat Manufacturing.

By JAMES P. HORNADAY.

Washington.—New plans for continuing the continental conquest of vast agricultural land throughout the country are being made by the government's reclamation service. The main object is to increase the cultivable area of the United States in proportion to the increase of population, which means the addition of millions of acres of land, for the census bureau now estimates that the new 1920 census will show a population of 105,000,000—an increase of 14,000,000 people in the last ten years.

The new program of land development calls for new legislation that in itself is unique among reclamation measures, for it calls for no money from the public treasury, not even the item of overhead expenses or the cost of preliminary investigations. Landowners, desiring water for their properties, it is planned, must pay all the expense, but the government would encourage them by permitting the reclamation service to co-operate in the development of reclamation projects, financed by private capital.

New principles in American legislation underlie the proposal. It aims to combine the benefits of both public and private enterprise without incurring the drawbacks of either. Proponents of the plan say that it will at least clearly reveal the limitations of private enterprise in the field of reclamation and land settlement, without costing the government one cent.

Benefit to the West.

In several states of the semi-arid West, notably Colorado and Nebraska, there exist large communities of fairly well developed farms in private ownership, on which by application of irrigation the production may be doubled. The arid West might also be benefited and wise drainage projects in the north and south.

When the fertile prairies of the West were open to settlement the nation had no difficulty in keeping its agriculture even in advance of its rapidly growing population. The conditions today, however, are such as to require aggressive leadership on the part of the government. A serious factor in the general trend from the farm to the city at the present time is the high cost of small tracts favorably located with respect to markets and transportation, together with the size of initial investment required.

Franklin K. Lane, former secretary of the interior department, now in private life, indorses the new proposal. As does Senator Smoot of Utah and Congressman Kinkaid of Nebraska, chairman of the house lands committee, and other congressional leaders. "There are millions of acres of potentially rich lands which may be purchased in large tracts at a very low price in their present condition," says Mr. Lane. "By the new plan, it is believed that settlers can effect savings equalling as much as one-half and more of the prices they ordinarily pay for small rural holdings. This would be the case first because land owners would enter into contracts for sale of their property on a pre-reclamation basis; second, because the heavy charges of sales agencies and interest accruing until disposition of subdivided areas could be practically eliminated. Settlers would probably save enough on the first cost of their land to pay for their improvement and live stock. These savings would aggregate tens of thousands and possibly millions of dollars, and, further, the terms of payment could be made such as to give purchasers at least a reasonable chance of success."

How Government Would Aid.

Under the new plan, the initiative for development must be taken by the landowners or communities. They would apply to the interior department for the use of the engineering facilities of the reclamation service to investigate a proposed project, accompanying their application with the estimated cost of such investigation. If their project is approved as sound and feasible from an engineering, economic and agricultural point of view, the secretary of the interior would enter into a contract with the landowners under which he agrees to organize and develop the project precisely as is now done under the reclamation law, with the important difference that the project is constructed wholly at the expense of the landowners.

In financing the project, the landowners would enjoy the benefit of the project's approval by engineers, economists and administrators, representing the reclamation service, which is generally regarded as the greatest engineering organization in the world with seventeen years' experience in the reclamation of arid lands. The financing would be accomplished under either a public or a private corporation. In either case, it would be done in accordance with state laws, and with the government only assum-

ing the responsibility of supervising and directing the development work.

All Laws in One Book.

The largest single law book ever printed is now in process of preparation under the direction of Congressman Little of Kansas. It will contain all the laws ever enacted by congress from the first signed by George Washington down to the last signed by Woodrow Wilson. It will not be complete until some time in 1921.

When all the laws have been assembled within one volume, Mr. Little will present them to the senate and house of representatives for re-enactment—a proceeding entirely perfunctory, and likely not to excite more than passing mention.

At present, if one wishes to ascertain what the federal law is on a given question, an examination must be made of 30 great volumes in order to be strictly accurate. Much of the law is hidden in appropriation acts, and it is as difficult to find as the proverbial needle in the haystack. As the laws are now compiled, lawyers complain that it sometimes is hard to determine whether a certain statute is still in existence, whether it has been repealed or amended, and the only solution is laborious research through the different volumes of compiled statutes and the statutes at large.

With congress enacting about 500 new laws a year, these difficulties are ever increasing, and with the new volume it is planned that even a layman can find out what is the law. Judges and lawyers, in urging the new codification, declare that the new volume, if properly prepared, will save litigants thousands of dollars, relieve judges of much worry and anxiety incident to decision of cases, and be a handy reference for all practicing lawyers.

Only Once Before.

Only once before in the history of the United States has official effort been made toward the codification of the federal laws, and that was more than forty years ago. Since that first codification, laws of each congress have been published in separate volumes, designated as statutes at large. The first codification was begun in 1874, a second edition of the volume appearing in 1878. A start at codification also was made 20 years ago, but never completed.

Since then more new laws have been enacted by congress than in all of the preceding century, and the new volume will use the old codification as a basis. Congressional clerks are now laboring over the new volume, with judges and lawyers generally assisting them, while the house committee on revision of the laws is sitting as a final court of approval of the work.

The effort of the committee, and its assistants, is not to "improve" the law, not to change the law, but simply to reproduce it as it now is, and was made by the congress of the United States. The great code, when completed, will consist of more than 10,000 sections and constitute the culminating assembly of a code that began when Washington signed the first act passed by congress 131 years ago.

Although bringing no new wrinkles into the law, the new code will extend beyond a mere compilation and rearrangement, the plan being that it shall proceed to the extent of harmonizing apparent contradictions, omitting repetitions; in short, a revision of things substantive as well as those which concern only arrangement and form.

The task is regarded as huge by judges and lawyers, but they have been urging the beginning of the work for years, declaring that sooner or later it must be done. The revision of 1878 is, of course, very old, incomplete and, in some respects, antiquated. By reason of amendments from time to time of many of its sections the old code does not now present a safe reliance for those called upon to make use of it.

Court Officials Offer Aid.

Before undertaking the compilation of the new volume, Mr. Little wrote to United States district attorneys and federal judges throughout the country—all of whom responded that there was a dire necessity for the official compilation. Besides expressing the need of the work, these judges and attorneys offered many suggestions as to the contents of the new volume, and some volunteered to aid the congressional workers in the preparation of the new book. The index of the new volume, according to the men now at work on the compilation, is more difficult to frame than the volume itself. The aim back of the index will be to so phrase and compile it that any person can find, under the respective designated titles, the laws on each subject on which he desires information.

The men who led the revision work more than two score years ago were among the well known lawyers of their day.

Investigation Completed.

Government experts working under the supervision of the bureau of standards have completed an investigation of the hat manufacturing industry which reveals some interesting facts as to how a felt hat is made. The investigation is one of a series conducted by the government with the view of aiding business and industry. Generally, one supposes that hats are made of a mixture of wool and cotton, but the fact is that American-made hats are of rabbit fur. The American industry, centering in Connecticut, virtually begins when a rabbit is caught in Australia, and ends when the bow is put on in Danbury. It is a long, long journey, and the discovery of felt making goes back to olden times.